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## Notes

THE spring of the present year promises to be interesting to all Shakespeareans. Not only is Mr. Beerbohm Tree to give a special series of Shakespeare performances at His Majesty's Theatre, the proceeds from which will be devoted to the Shakespeare Memorial, but the London Shakespeare League have, as last year, chosen that time for their annual commemoration of the poet. The programme will include a public dinner, a Shakespeare play, a conversazione, an excursion round Shakespeare's London, a visit to Stratford-on-Avon in the early part of the summer and, possibly, a children's Elizabethan festival. A new and welcome feature, however, in the Society will be an address to the Shakespeare public at large, to be given by a Shakespeare student elected annually by vote of the Council. The play will, as before, be produced by the Elizabethan Stage Society under the management of Mr. William Poel. I am pleased, moreover, to learn that the League is working hand-and-glove with the Shakespeare Memorial Committee and that eight members of the League are on the Provisional Memorial Committee. The London Shakespeare League are in great hopes of increasing their membership. I certainly think that they have struck the psychological moment and I wish them all success.

A FRESH impetus will be given to the Whistler controversy by the Memorial Exhibition of the painter's works by the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, which will be held at the New Gallery at the conclusion of the fifth exhibition now open in Regent Street. The exhibition should be of a representative character, as all the State, Municipal and local galleries which possess examples of Mr. Whistler's art are lending the works that they possess. Amongst other contributors are His Majesty the King, the French Government and the Chicago Institute of the Fine Arts.

"WHAT'S become of Waring?" This question, originally asked by Browning upwards of half a century ago, is answered in an interesting article by Mr. William Hall Griffin, in "The Contemporary," on "Robert Browning and Alfred Domett," where a detailed account is given of the life of Domett in New Zealand and of the warm affection between the poet and his friend, which subsisted without a break up to the death of the poet's wife. Here a pause ensued owing to Browning's shyness in replying to Domett's letter of sympathy. On the latter's return to England,

however, the bonds of friendship were knit as close as ever before. It is instructive to read Domett's verdict on "Sordello," a copy of which Browning sent him in New Zealand. He believed, apparently, in the poet's intentional obscurity, and insinuates that Browning was "difficult on system." The following extract from his diary is of peculiar interest:—

"Browning, I saw, had not lost the good-humoured patience with which he could listen to friendly criticism on any of his works. I have proof of this in a copy of the original edition of 'Sordello,' which he sent me when it first appeared. The poem is undoubtedly somewhat obscure, though curiously enough much more so in the more 'objective' (so to speak) incidents of the story than in its subjective phases—that is, in the narrative of the hero's varying moods of mind or the philosophical reflections of the poet. Accordingly, I had scribbled in pencil on the book two or three impatient remarks, such as 'Who says this?' 'What does this mean?' &c. Some time after Browning asked me to let him see my copy of the poem, which I lent him. He returned it with two or three pencil notes of his own, answering my questions. But I was amused many years afterwards, in New Zealand, on the appearance of a second edition of 'Sordello' [in 1863], to find he had altered, I think, all the passages I had hinted objections to or questioned the meaning of. One instance is curious. Speaking of a picture by Guidone at Siena ['Sordello,' Book I., 577-583], in the first edition, the poet says:—

A painful birth must be  
Matured ere San Eufemio's [sic] sacristy  
Or transept gather fruits of one great gaze  
At the noon-sun: look you! An orange haze—  
The same blue stripe round that—and, i' the midst,  
Thy spectral whiteness, mother-maid, who didst  
Pursue the dizzy painter!

I had written carelessly in pencil on the margin 'Rather the moon, from the description'; and also, 'Why cut off the "n"?' against the next line. In the edition of 1863 the passage stands:—

Gather fruits of one great gaze—  
At the moon: look you! The same orange haze,  
The same blue stripe round that—and, in the midst,  
Thy spectral whiteness, Mother-maid."

YET the theory held by Domett and, I fear, by the majority of readers, that Browning was cryptic of malice prepense is almost as far from the truth as Mr. Chesterton's paradox that the poem was a subtle compliment to the intelligence of the reader. In reality "Sordello" should rather be regarded as the poetic outlet for the pent-up forces of Browning's adolescence. He felt such a mass of ideas fermenting within him that in his struggles to

give birth to them he had small time for minor and subsidiary details. So much had he to say and so hectic and hysterical a desire to say it that he was rendered inarticulate by the very intensity of his passion.

THOSE who were generous enough to respond to the appeal made last year for help in rebuilding the parish church of Lower Brixham, Devon, in memory of its first vicar, who was the author of the hymn "Abide with Me," will be interested to hear that £1,300 was raised out of £2,500 necessary for its completion. £1,200 however is still needed in order to avoid the cessation of work, and the removal of the scaffolding before the tower is finished, which would involve heavy extra expense and much delay. Any gifts, however small, toward this deficit will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Reverend Stewart Sim, the Vicarage, Lower Brixham, Devon.

THERE is an interesting interview with Mr. John Lane in the current number of "The Book Monthly" on "The 'Slump' in Verse." According to one who is perhaps the greatest specialist on the subject that we have, the public's neglect of the Muse is due to the following causes: "The ill influence, as I hold it, which arises from the exclusive recognition of a few poets—the magnifying of them so that other genuine singers are overlooked," the revulsion against poetry and æstheticism generally which ensued after the Oscar Wilde débâcle, the competition of the khaki poetry of Kipling, Henley, and Newbolt, and the virtual defection of Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. John Davidson, who relinquished "writing poetry for the study" for "writing verse for the stage." In regard to Mr. Lane's theory of the poet-hero, I am inclined to regard the neglect of poets other than the best known as the effect not the cause of "The 'Slump' in Verse." The man in the street, who, according to Mr. Lane, "is not above or below being interested in poetry," will probably read his Tennyson rather as a useful addition to his intellectual equipment than because of any genuine poetic feeling. Did this feeling really exist he would soon go further afield. With regard to the other causes, the prospective publication of Wilde's posthumous book tends to show that the prejudice is gradually dissipating, while there is evident already a marked reaction against the "Kipling-Henley-Newbolt school of verse—the poetry of action" in whose "lap landed the reaction from poetry pure and simple." But surely the real cause of the languishing of the Muse lies deeper. The majority of the great English poets of the earlier nineteenth century were all identified with some great movement, preached some definite creed, possessed a striking and compelling individuality. But nowadays we have scant time for great literary movements, and but a fraction even of the better of our minor poets strike the true personal note or impress us as being gifted with much more than a mere technical excellence.

I HAVE just received "The Wimbledon and Merton Annual," edited by Henry V. D. B. Copeland. Few outside their inhabitants, and probably only a portion even of them, realise the historic associations with which the London suburbs abound. Yet was not Wimbledon one of the old homes of the Cecils? Was it not at Wimbledon that Sir Thomas Cecil built in the very year of the approach of the Great Armada what Fuller, the chronicler, has so quaintly called "his daring structure at Wimbledon"? Was it not at Wimbledon that Pitt fought with Tierney his reckless and absurd fiasco of a duel? At Merton, also, once stood Merton Priory, one of the most important of the mediæval monasteries. It

was at Merton also that in 1881 "William Morris, poet and artist, became the occupant of the several acres of best meadows, bounded and intersected by the Wandle's windings, with their rambling quaint buildings of tarred weather-board and red tile scattered promiscuously among the willows," and devoted himself to the production of his tapestry and stained glass.

At the end of an interesting article in the current "Monthly Review" on Umbrian Art, which shows how painting in Umbria was "really provincial in the true sense of the word, the handmaid of the Church, touching life only very rarely, intent for the most part on the service of the sanctuary, having indeed no life at all, no possible life apart from religion," there is the following eloquent description of Raphael, the greatest of all the Umbrians:—

"Without the great nervous strength of so profound, so subtle a personality as Leonardo, or the immense physical virtue of Michelangelo, he died at thirty-seven years of age. And he is like a relic from the classical age, some perfect serene god, blithe and beautiful, discovered, as it were, by some happy fortune, in a time so in love with pagan culture as the sixteenth century. And even as his work has something of the indestructible perfection of the antique, its precise virtue, its ideality, so in his own body he was beautiful and delicate. His nature was so transparent that everything that was really life-giving shone through it as the sun. The disorder, the tragic rebellion of Michelangelo, was impossible for him. He could never have been sufficiently lawless in his imagination or passions to violate the instinct of reverence. And so we find in him a kind of impotence that, after all, overwhelms at last even a nature so strong and so impetuous as Michelangelo.

"Of all that imperious and splendid age, glittering with many cruelties, gleaming with subtleties that in the end made art impossible, Raphael is the saviour. The presence of his nature is like a fair soft light over everything, or like a perfect flower in the midst of a battle-field. Rather than any saint or soldier, or man of genius, or philosopher, he serves as the type of the Renaissance at its highest; and his impotence, if we may so call it, is nothing more than the failure of all art to express, to do more than shadow forth, that perfect state which Plato has seen lying in the heavens, which St. Paul has assured us is eternal there."

APPARENTLY Mr. Hall Caine is not to have the monopoly among our novelists of foreign translations, as "Rita's" Cornish novel, "The Jesters," will be published in Swedish very shortly.

## Bibliographical

IN an interesting communication to "Notes and Queries" that distinguished bibliographer Colonel W. F. Prideaux quotes a reference (1836-37) to "Thackaway's 'Mountain Sylph,'" and goes on to mention this opera as a work the existence of which appears to have been ignored by all writers on Thackeray. It has been ignored for the very reason that it was not the work of Thackeray but of some one else of the same name. The opera of "The Mountain Sylph" (Lyceum Theatre, or English Opera-house, August 1834) was written by John Barnett to a libretto supplied by T. J. Thackeray, who is said to have been a cousin of the novelist. In one contemporary criticism the name of the librettist was consistently given as "Thackwray," but he was compensated for this by being told that his lyrics were "infinitely superior to

the general run of those in modern operas." "The Mountain Sylph," by the way, has the distinction of being known as the first important English opera.

It is announced that Mr. E. Kay Robinson's contributions to a daily newspaper, under the title of "The Country Day by Day," are to be published immediately in book form. It may be worth recalling that we already have "The Country Month by Month"—a work which was first published, under the editorship of J. A. Owen and Professor G. S. Boulger, in a dozen parts in 1894-1895, and a new edition of which, with notes by the late Lord Lilford, was issued as recently as the end of 1901.

Some weeks ago (September 17), when commenting on the approaching tercentenary celebration of the publication of "Don Quixote," I mentioned the various English editions in which the immortal story has appeared. The celebration is giving us several reprints and other works—among the former a reissue of "Don Quixote" with Doré's illustrations, and among the latter a new biography of Cervantes. There are already three or four "live" volumes on Cervantes and his works; but judging by the activity of the past quarter-century, there is an increasing interest in the great Spanish novelist. The first English biography was "translated from the Spanish manuscript (of Gregorio Mayans y Siscar) by Mr. Ozell" (1738); then came a century's gap, followed by "The Life and Writings of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra," by Thomas Roscoe (1839, and again in 1848). Some years ago an undated small octavo reprint of this was frequently to be met with at the secondhand book-sellers. The latest books have been "Cervantes," by Mrs. Oliphant, in "Blackwood's Foreign Classics for English Readers" (1880); "Life of Miguel de Cervantes," in the "Great Writers Series," by H. E. Watts (1891); "The Life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra," with a tentative bibliography from 1585 to 1892, by J. Fitzmaurice Kelly (1892); and the larger "Life of Miguel de Cervantes," by H. E. Watts (1895). The forthcoming Life of Cervantes is the work of Mr. Albert F. Calvert.

In reviewing Dr. A. H. Japp's new volume, "Robert Louis Stevenson: a Record, an Estimate, a Memorial," a writer in "The Glasgow Evening News" refers to it as the tenth book to be published dealing with Stevenson and his achievements. Dr. Japp's is at least the sixteenth. Here is the list: "Robert Louis Stevenson, a Study," by A. B. (Boston, 1895); "Robert Louis Stevenson," by Walter Raleigh (1895); "In Stevenson's Samoa," by Maria Fraser (1895); "The Home Country of R. L. Stevenson," by J. Geddie (1898); "Robert Louis Stevenson," by M. M. Black, in the "Famous Scots Series" (1898); "Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," by Eva B. Simpson (1898); "R. L. Stevenson," by L. Cope Cornford, in "Modern English Writers" (1899); "Robert Louis Stevenson: a Life Study in Criticism," by H. B. Baildon (1901); "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Graham Balfour (1901); "Robert Louis Stevenson," by G. K. Chesterton—one of "The Bookman Booklets" (1902); "Stevensoniana," edited by J. A. Hammerton (1903); "The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson," by J. Kelman (1903); "Robert Louis

Stevenson, the Dramatist," by A. W. Pinero—a lecture (1903); "Robert Louis Stevenson," by Sir Leslie Stephen—an essay (1903); "Stevenson's Shrine, the Record of a Pilgrimage," by Laura Stubbs (1903).

Mr. Edward H. Cooper, in "The Nineteenth Cen-



Frontispiece to "The Mill on the Floss" (Blackie)

tury and After," refers to dramatisations of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" (he thus misnames the books several times), saying: "The English fashion of keeping certain ancient literary idols locked up in cupboards, never seeing, touching or noticing them, but fiercely resenting any criticism of their now glaring demerits, is a very pretty one, but has been extremely costly to various publishers and theatrical managers in the past." This applied to Lewis Carroll's books is, to put it bluntly, ridiculous. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," first issued at the close of 1865, reached its eighty-sixth thousand in 1897, while "Through the Looking-Glass," first published in 1871, reached its sixty-first thousand in 1897. Since the last-named year "Alice" has been reissued in at least seven, and "Through the Looking-Glass" in at least five cheaper forms.

WALTER JERROLD.

## Reviews

## THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS

By Charles Squire. (Blackie, 12s. 6d. net.)  
MR. SQUIRE limits his inquiry to Celtic myth, legend, poetry and romance, and he must know that this limitation prevents his book from being equal to its title. Indeed, the title is too ambitious all round. Mr. Squire has read and studied much. His work is distinctly good. But he is not quite equipped for his task of setting forth the main facts concerning the mythology of the British Islands. He studies it from a distance, as it were, and not in connection with the people to whom it belonged. In his book it is welded in between two chapters on "The Religion of the Ancient Britons and Druidism" and "Survivals of the Celtic Paganism into Modern Times," and this arrangement of his book is a good indication of Mr. Squire's attitude towards Celtic mythology. As a matter of fact, Celtic mythology belongs both to the religions of the ancient Britons and to the survivals of that religion in modern times; and it is because of this detachment from its true place that we feel Mr. Squire's study is not equal to the occasion. Beltane fires are to Mr. Squire all that writers on myth have hitherto stated them to be; Stonehenge is still a temple. Had Mr. Squire pursued his studies further he would have known that grave doubts have been advanced by the latest authorities on both these propositions, and this new view of the older beliefs materially affects the ideas we must in future take of British mythology. Also, it is curious to see that he perceives the analogy of the civilisation of the Celts to that of the Homeric Greeks, but does not seem to have studied Professor Ridgeway's remarkable treatise on this subject.

But do not let us be grumbling at Mr. Squire throughout. He has followed the best authorities—Professor Rhys, Dr. Whitley Stokes, De Jubainville and others—for his special points, and he gives, from the point of view he assumes to be correct, a very good summary of the evidence. It is most useful to have such a summary. We are not able, all of us, to read through the labyrinths of Celtic myth even in the brilliant treatises which Celtic scholars—English, German and French—have written; and to have, therefore, a carefully written and well ordered volume such as Mr. Squire presents is no small gain.

Students of mythology who belong to the school favoured by Mr. Squire have not lately been making much headway. Interpretation of myth is no longer considered as ended when Celtic gods and heroes are shown to be identical with the gods and heroes of other Aryan-speaking peoples, and in particular, as one reads once more the Irish traditions, it does not seem absolutely necessary to turn to Jupiter and the gods for explanation of their origin. The Celts, like the Greeks, were prone to exaggerate their fighting powers, to talk of great battles where simple tribal fights occurred, to speak of heroic deeds of enormous proportions when the bravery of one man overcame the cowardice of many; to look upon mountains and rivers and strong places as the work of other than human hands because in their own experience they knew only of peasant huts and rude protecting walls. But this subject must be dealt with by other hands than Mr. Squire's. He sees myth where he cannot see modern reason or fact; but his opinions are always sane and moderate from his point of view. He does not advocate a Celtic civilisation of

great advancement to fit in with a Celtic mythology of great imagination. He does not argue for palaces and kings and princes, and is content to compare actual remains of ancient fastnesses and homesteads for his facts in this respect. This is all to the good, and we can promise every reader of this book ample pleasure in the manner in which the study is put before him.

Altogether, then, Mr. Squire may be congratulated on a partial success. His research does not penetrate into German authorities; he is not fully alive to the anthropological side of the argument; his archæology is not complete. But he knows and loves his subject within the boundaries presented by these limitations, and he has the peculiar charm of carrying his readers along with him in an attitude of love for the subject.

LAURENCE GOMME.

## WESTERN EUROPE IN THE EIGHTH CENTURY AND ONWARD: AN AFTERMATH

By the late E. A. Freeman. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)  
IN a recent number of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE we pointed out the characteristics of the volume of "Historical Studies in the Fifth Century," by the late Professor Freeman, now edited and given to the world by Mr. T. Scott Holmes. Some of the remarks are, of course, applicable to the volume now under review, for the Professor's work always bore the imprint of his own strong personality. Yet there is a difference between the two volumes, and that difference is, on the whole, to the advantage of the one dealing with the earlier period. There Freeman dealt with questions relating to the origins of the English people and those of the nations of Western Europe; and the hope of illustrating anew his favourite contention that Englishmen were Englishmen and not half-Romanised Celts, sent him on the quest in full war-paint. Here there is no such stimulus; and the personal note which there sounded forth now and again with all the old charm is here but faintly heard. Unfortunately, too, five of the nineteen chapters now published for the first time are mere fragments; and we miss the story of the Battle of Tours, the most momentous event of the period. The progress of modern research has also tended to modify some of the statements that were penned a decade ago. Nevertheless, Mr. Scott Holmes has conferred a benefit on historical research by giving to the world this "aftermath" of the rich harvest of the Regius Professor's work.

The lectures, as here published, begin with the rise of the Karlings to positions of power and the gradual decline of the Merwing kings in Gaul. The reasons for the change of dynasty are thus aptly summarised:

"They [the Franks] had . . . gone far beyond any rule of choosing the king from the kingly house, far beyond any rule of hereditary succession which gives the kingship of the people, irrespective of their choice, to some particular member of the kingly house. They had accepted the doctrine that every member of the kingly house was by birth a king and entitled to some share in the exercise of kingly power. The outcome of all this had been the division of the kingdom, the degradation of the kings beyond the example of any other people; and, while the kingly house was sinking into nothingness, while the kings—kings only by virtue of their birth—were falling lower and lower in each generation, a new house had arisen by their side, a house of leaders of men, called to rule because they were worthy to rule; who, without bearing the name of kings, had for seventy years done all that kings were meant to do."

The story of the relations of the new Frankish dynasty to the Papacy is traced with great care, and the question of Pippin's promises and territorial gifts to Pope Stephen is handled in great detail in a spacious appendix. The Professor believes that the problem can never be solved; but he proves, as against the foremost champions of papal claims, that the popes at that time clearly recognised their subordination to the emperors in all temporal affairs. The decline and fall of Teutonic sovereignty at Laon is the subject of the later lectures. The influence of the settlements of the Northmen on the Lower Seine in deciding the balance in favour of Paris and against the city whose hill towers above the flats of Western Champagne is briefly, but suggestively, indicated.

J. HOLLAND ROSE.

#### YORK: THE STORY OF ITS WALLS AND CASTLES

By T. P. Cooper. (Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d. net.)

#### THE ANCIENT CASTLES OF IRELAND

By C. L. Adams. (Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE story of the castles and fortifications of the ancient city of York, long the very heart of the defences of the North of England and still the centre of an important military district, will ever exercise a great fascination over the imaginations of those who are interested in the archaeology and history of their native land. Mr. Cooper, in the course of many years of arduous research, has made the subject entirely his own, and every page of his scholarly work bears witness to patient investigation and close powers of reasoning, combined with the even rarer faculty of presenting their results in an attractive and readable form. No available source of information has been overlooked by him; the documents on which his narrative is founded, such as the Patent and Close Rolls and other State Papers preserved in the Record Office and the Archives of York Corporation, have been most carefully weighed and sifted, and there appears to be some justification for his claim that he is the first to have subjected them to a thorough and systematic search. He admits, however, that he is, after all, but a pioneer, for he says the whole of the history of the City of York will inevitably have to be rewritten, so that his book is only a preliminary and specialised study, paving the way for future gleaners in the same rich field.

Mr. Cooper divides his subject into two parts, dealing in the first with the gradual evolution of the walls and earthworks of York from those of early Celtic settlements on the site of the Roman Eboracum to the restoration of the ancient defences in 1889, supplementing his actual descriptions with a summary of the history of each period so far as it was connected with the City of York. The second portion of what is truly a remarkable book, deals with the castle of the old Baile, the four gates or bars of York that are still so dignified and impressive a feature of the town—to each of which a chapter is devoted—and the less important but deeply interesting postern gates and towers. Copies of some of the original MSS. consulted and an illustrated essay on masons' marks, a long list of authorities and numerous plans and illustrations give completeness to what will certainly rank as a standard work, even if it be ere long supplemented by other books founded on it.

To piece together with the aid of the scattered ruins, with which the length and breadth of Ireland is strewn, a history of the castles those ruins represent must indeed have been a difficult task; but that it has been successfully performed by Mr. Adams no one will deny.

His book is far more than a mere account of each castle of which relics remain; it is a reflection of the chequered fortunes of the Emerald Isle from the first landing of the Normans on its shores in 1169 to the tragic death, in 1642, of Owen Roe O'Neill, the one man who might have done something to save his native land from the vengeance of Cromwell that finally dispelled the long cherished illusion of the value of the strongholds on which the people set such store.

The castles Mr. Adams describes range, he says, "in dimensions from the few blocks of protruding masonry on the green sward, which mark the foundations of a ruined peel tower or small keep, or the scarcely traceable line of wall which was once a fortified bawn or inclosure with mud or stone walls, to the majestic ruins of castles like Adare, with its three distinct and separate fortifications, one within the other, or to Royal Trim, deemed strong enough to be the prison of English princes." Locally next to nothing is known of the origin of these remains, though inquiries are met with much apocryphal information in which King John and Cromwell generally play their part; but Mr. Adams has, for all that, succeeded, with the aid of the owners of still existing castles and the documents in the Record Office, Dublin libraries and elsewhere, in tracing the life-story of over seventy strongholds, of many of which he gives excellent illustrations, adding at the end of each article a list of the authorities consulted. Unfortunately, however, he has neglected to add an index to his book, the want of which detracts greatly from its value to the student; but this is an omission that can easily be remedied when a new edition of his valuable work is called for.

NANCY BELL.

#### NAPOLEON AND ENGLAND, 1803-1813

A Study from unprinted documents by P. Coquelle, translated from the French by Gordon D. Knox, Balliol College, Oxford, with an Introduction by J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. (Bell. 5s. net.)

THIS book, of but moderate size, is of great value to those students of the Napoleonic period whose minds are not already made up one way or the other beyond reach of fresh evidence. M. Coquelle has tried to settle a number of questions of great historical interest by the original documents of the principals in negotiation, as contained in the French and British archives. In giving his judgment on the matters at issue between historians and diplomatists, he has not feared to run counter to the general opinion of French writers, with the name of M. Albert Sorel at their head.

The work deals with the negotiations between the British and French Governments from the Treaty of Amiens down to 1813; it discusses the responsibility for the rupture of the peace, the various attempts to negotiate or mediate a truce from both sides, and the famous and futile discussion of the exchange of prisoners. Nearly all of these transactions have been used by French historians for imputing bad faith to "perfidious Albion"; in nearly all of them M. Coquelle feels bound to pronounce Napoleon more in the wrong. This conclusion is dramatically the more probable, for while the British ministers and envoys were men widely differing in policy and capacity at different times, the negotiations for peace broke down in much the same way on each occasion. Surely the cause of this invariable failure must have been the one permanent element in the discussions—the policy and temper of Napoleon.

With regard to the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, M. Coquelle points out—what other historians have overlooked—that the really important matter in dispute

was the continued French occupation of Holland, then known as the "Batavian Republic." The evacuation of Holland had been promised in the Treaty of Lunéville, which made peace between Austria and France; it was to take place as soon as England and France ended their war. Yet the First Consul, while calling on Great Britain to evacuate Malta in accordance with the Treaty of Amiens, evaded the obligation to release Holland, which not only threatened the English coast, but commanded the road to India by the possession of the Cape. The annexation of Piedmont, the interference in Switzerland, even the publication of Sébastiani's report, were minor considerations. In this, as in all the later negotiations, it was Napoleon's aim to obtain concessions without binding himself to make the corresponding concessions on his side. The British Governments often made mistakes in matters of form, but seem all to have been sincerely desirous of peace; and if Fox could not come to terms in 1806, in spite of his warm admiration for France and Napoleon, the fault in the main must have lain with Napoleon.

The translation by Mr. Knox is good, and on the whole reads smoothly. In one or two places the rendering is obscure. On page 11 Andréossy is made to remark of a Royalist emissary, "He declaimed with violence, and honoured me so far as to treat me as the usurper of the rights of a well-known family, to contribute to the glory of carrying through some useful work, a glory which he certainly does not possess." What does this *rigmarole* mean? On page 230 Napoleon meets Ouvrard at *Anvers*—why not Antwerp here, as elsewhere? On page 244 the translator speaks of "the English Parliamentary vessel" on which Mackenzie came to France to negotiate for an exchange of prisoners. This is an obvious blunder; *parlementaire* has here its ordinary military meaning of "under a flag of truce."

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

#### PORTRAITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, HISTORIC AND LITERARY

By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. (Putnam, 2 vols., 21s. net.)

"Si réimprimant un jour les critiques et portraits on les rangeait par l'ordre chronologique des sujets que j'y traite, on ferait un contre-sens: le véritable est celui dans lequel je les ai écrits selon mon émotion et ma caprice et toujours dans la nuance particulière où j'étais moi-même dans le moment." The extent of these emotions, caprices, and particular nuances is well known to all acquainted with Ste-Beuve's critical development. Before he realised himself in his "Causeries" he had to pass through a long apprenticeship, feeling his way carefully among the various schools of thought, experimenting with most of them, though he abandoned himself to none. It is no wonder then that, sensitive of his early inconsistencies, he gave expression to the above apprehension, an apprehension that the publication of these two volumes has to a great extent verified. The twenty-nine essays before us, of which some have been reprinted from the "Causeries de Lundi," some from the "Portraits de Femmes" and the "Portraits Littéraires," constitute a fine gallery of the French historic and literary celebrities of the seventeenth century. The first volume is chiefly concerned with the great social and political personages of the period, containing portraits, amongst others, of Richelieu, Mazarin, Retz, Louis XIV., de La Rochefoucauld, Mme. de Longueville, Mme. de Lafayette and Ninon de l'Enclos. The second, which strikes us on the whole as by far the more interesting,

deals with practically all the literary giants of the golden and classic age of French literature; with Pascal, Corneille, Racine, Mme. de Sévigné, Molière, Lafontaine, Bossuet, Boileau and many others. Yet in spite of the external unity of their subject, this series of monographs represents the most varied stages of the critic's development, while the confusion is intensified by the neglect of the translator to give the date and review in which each article appeared. In the essays, for instance, on Richelieu, Mme. de Longueville and Pascal, Ste-Beuve writes of religious emotion with all the sincerity of an intense personal sympathy. In the article on de La Rochefoucauld, on the other hand, which, to use the words of Ste-Beuve himself, "indique une date et un temps, un retour décisif dans ma vie intellectuelle," he definitely starts that period of healthy disillusionment and contented epicureanism which lasted throughout the rest of his life. In the celebrated essay on Racine again, so far from being the impartial aesthete of the "Causeries," he shows that spirit of polemical fervour which caused him to be known in his younger days as the Boileau of romanticism. We read between every line of his criticism of the great classic dramatist, the implied apotheosis of Hugo and Hugoism. Yet, even if some of the essays in this series show any inequality, it is merely that which separates that which is good in criticism from that which is the best. Interesting, however, as they are intrinsically, these volumes afford no opportunity of seeing that cosmopolitan spirit which made Ste-Beuve equally at home amongst the most diverse authors of the most diverse countries. It was this faculty of psychological insight which, together with his application of the sociological method, constituted his greatness. In contradistinction, however, to Taine, with whom the individual was but a piece of evidence for the elucidation of the age, Ste-Beuve treats the age as a frame necessary for the complete realisation of the portrait of the individual which he sets within it. We find, moreover, in Ste-Beuve, in spite, or rather because, of his narrower view, that touch of humanity; that air of personal sympathy and appreciation which, but for a few exceptions, is lacking in the later critic. Our enjoyment in reading these two volumes, which are handsomely bound and possess thirty excellent illustrations, has been greatly marred by the lamentable inefficiency of the translation. Miss Wormeley has fallen a victim to the fetish of an exaggerated literalness with the most distressing result. Her structure is frequently not English; at times it is even ungrammatical. Such expressions as "a soul feminine in its every recess," and "had won to the crown," are characteristic examples of her servile adherence to the original.

HORACE B. SAMUEL.

#### A GARDENER'S YEAR

By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

HAVING thrilled us in our youth with his romances, Mr. Rider Haggard is, despite a relapse into adventure appearing in the pages of a popular monthly, now more generally applying himself to the gentler task of comforting us by our firesides with recitals of the delights of a country life, and in the volume under notice he details his joys and sorrows as a gardener in a manner which is well-nigh certain to prove very acceptable to the vast army of garden lovers. Setting aside the author's achievements in other paths of literature, it is interesting to endeavour to assign him a place amongst the writers of garden books, and a careful study of "A Gardener's Year" reveals the fact that his place is a very

high one. Mr. Haggard displays a considerable knowledge and grasp of his subject, and his travels have given him the advantage of actually seeing for himself what are the conditions under which many of our imported plants thrive. This is very valuable knowledge for a gardener. In his dedication Mr. Haggard expresses the modest hope that his book may be found "not uninstrucive." Most assuredly it will not be, for while "A Gardener's Year" is sufficiently discursive to interest those of its readers who know but little of gardens or of gardening, Mr. Haggard does not confine himself to the abstract, but describes in some detail many of the actual operations of the gardening year in his two East Anglian gardens. "A Gardener's Year" would form an acceptable present to any intelligent professional gardener. This is high praise, as many garden books which have gained fame amongst amateurs would be laughed at by the professional; much, for example, as we cherish the works of "Elizabeth," she is an author who would not find any favour in the bothy.

Orchid-growers and the owners of lawns will, in particular, find much which is likely to be of real service to them. Mr. Haggard's particular fancy is for orchids, and his many admirers as an author will read of his successes in their cultivation and their showing with much pleasure. So great, indeed, have been these successes that upon page 149 Mr. Haggard gently chides his wealthy neighbours for their lack of spirit in ceasing to compete with him. The account of the author's successful endeavours to preserve his property at Kessingland, near Lowestoft, from the inroads of the sea by the planting of Marum Grass (*Psamma Arenaria*), which has wonderful properties as a sand collector, is particularly interesting, and his methods certainly deserve trial upon a more extensive scale elsewhere.

The book is illustrated by a plan of the garden at Ditchingham and by twenty-five reproductions from photographs. These, which vary considerably in merit, are nearly all views of various portions of the author's gardens or of individual plants grown in them. Some other writers have preferred *not* to reveal so ruthlessly the garden shrines of which they write, but Mr. Haggard takes the better course of plainly showing that there is "no deception." He sometimes goes astray upon matters of detail; for example, he transfers the patronage of a beautiful race of anemones from St. Brigid to St. Bridget, and wrongly describes *Garrya elliptica* as a creeper; also his plant names occasionally will scandalise devout botanists, but undoubtedly the publication of "A Gardener's Year" stamps Mr. Haggard as a gardener and a garden author of pronounced merit.

#### MUSA VERTICORDIA

By Francis Coutts. (Lane, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. FRANCIS COUTTS stands out head and shoulders from the generality of our modern minor poets in that in addition to its technical excellence his verse strikes a strongly individual note. This individuality consists in a virile and militant pessimism. Conceiving that in dealing with the lesser things of life he would fail in loyalty to his Muse, he refuses point blank

"to sing the facile lie:

The old familiar fancies, women, wine,  
Pale moonlight and moonshine."

It is rather the *lacrimæ rerum* which inspire him most potently and draw from him his finest and most impressive verse. It is characteristic that even the love poetry is deeply tinged with pessimism. Mr. Coutts' eyes are nearly always fixed upon the death that crowns all things; he sees perpetually "the skull that grins

beneath the kiss." Yet his melancholy is far from being that of a mere whiner. The world is evil, according to Mr. Coutts, but the only thing left is to struggle.

"And the one triumph not quite vain  
The soul's stern striving to attain."

In a volume where every poem is on so high a level it is difficult to pick out what is the best; the two pieces, however, which have impressed us the most deeply are the *Musa Verticordia* with which the volume opens and "There shall be weeping," just one place removed from the end. The first, which is a dignified apology of the poet's attitude, reminds us of Milton by the sustained majesty of both its thought and its rhythm. The latter is a wonderful description of "the river of tears" and one of the best short lyrics that we have seen in recent years. In "*Musa Verticordia*" Mr. Coutts has more than maintained his previously high standard; in this, as in his other poetry, he not only titillates our æsthetic sense, he also moves us.

#### THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

With an Introduction and Notes by H. C. Beeching. (Ginn, 3s.)

EDITIONS of Shakespeare's Sonnets have of late years been numerous, ranging from large and handsome volumes like Mr. Tyler's, Mr. Wyndham's and Mr. Samuel Butler's, where the object has not been so much to provide the student with a text as with a commentary or a disquisition in support of the editorial view, to elegant little pocket editions like Mrs. Stopes', devoid, or nearly devoid, of commentary, but fitted for daily and nightly companionship. More practically serviceable than either are what we may term the intermediate editions, triply constituted of a front of introduction, a body of text and a train of commentary. It is only to be desired in the student's interest that the editor should remember that the text is, after all, the principal concern, and should refrain from overshadowing it either by a pretentious introduction or voluminous annotation. The admirable good sense displayed in all Canon Beeching's publications is a guarantee against his falling into either error; and, in fact, we should be at a loss to point out another edition of the Sonnets where text, introduction and commentary are more nicely adjusted to each other. It is only to be apprehended that the modest guise of Canon Beeching's edition and the moderation of his claims may conceal the actual importance of his labour. One valuable feature, peculiar to him so far as we are aware, is his investigation of the text of the first edition of the Sonnets, where the frequent misprints demonstrate that Shakespeare can have had no hand in their publication. Another point is his able and to us convincing argument to prove that the Sonnets, with a few exceptions, cannot have been written earlier than 1597, which, if admitted, destroys the pretensions of Southampton, then deeply in love, and absent on an expedition to the Azores. To the Pembroke theory he is more favourable, declaring himself, however, "not convinced." Neither are we! But we think that Pembroke's claim might have been stated more forcibly, founding our opinion more particularly upon Sonnet 107, undoubtedly written upon the death of Elizabeth. It seems to us incontestable that this poem is addressed to some person of high rank who had suffered from Elizabeth's displeasure; and if, as we believe, Southampton is out of the question, who can this be but Pembroke? Canon Beeching's treatment of these vexed questions is as conclusive of his sanity of judgment as his simple yet ample commentary is of his lucidity and pregnant brevity as an annotator. Others may have done

more in poetical illustration and psychological analysis; but none have produced a more satisfactory compendium of all that is really necessary to be known about the Sonnets, or afforded a more serviceable key to their numerous difficulties.

#### GUILDFORD IN THE OLDEN TIME

Sidelights on the History of a Quaint Old Town. By Geo. C. Williamson. (Bell, 5s. net.)

ALTHOUGH Dr. Williamson modestly disclaims for his book any pretension to being a history of Guildford or a perfect guide to the town, yet within the compass of its pages there is a wealth of antiquarian, archaeological, and topographical information which goes far to bring before the eyes of the reader a fascinating picture of the Guildford of the past. Strictly speaking the author has strung together a series of essays on subjects concerning the town; but his store of knowledge being fully as great as his love of the subject he has been able to imbue these more or less detached papers with an interest and a vitality possible only to one who knows and loves what he is writing about. That Guildford is a peculiarly interesting old town is a well-known fact, but even to those who tramp its High Street daily the immense store of historical interest locked up in the Castle, the Town Hall, the Friary, the "Upper Lower and Middle" churches, the hospital, the caverns and the crypts will only be revealed by a careful reading of this interesting book. Dr. Williamson has done his work *con amore*, and one may be permitted to hope that this is only the forerunner of that complete history of Guildford which in his preface he admits to be "long-projected"—but not yet written. It is interesting to learn that one of the claims to notoriety of the Guildford Grammar School consists in the fact that the earliest mention of cricket occurs in connection with the evidence of certain scholars from the Free School of Guildford in the fortieth year of Elizabeth. In 1598 John Derrick, gentleman, "one of the Queen's Majesty's Coroners" for Surrey, aged fifty-nine, gave evidence in a certain long-continued law suit about a garden plot, that he had known the land for fifty years or more, and that when he was a scholar he and several of his fellows "did runne and play there at crickets and other plaies." This would date the game back to 1548 or earlier.

#### THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT IN WORKS OF LITERATURE AND ART

Including that of the Drama, Music, Engraving, Sculpture, Painting, Photography and Design, together with International and Foreign Copyright, with the Statutes relating thereto, by Walter Arthur Copinger, F.S.A. &c. Fourth Edition, by J. M. Easton, Barrister-at-Law. (Stevens & Haynes, 36s.)

TWELVE years have elapsed since the publication of the third edition of "Copinger on Copyright," and the appearance of the fourth edition will be welcomed by all lawyers and laymen who are engaged in the hopeless task of guessing the innumerable conundrums the law presents. "Copinger" has been a classic ever since it first appeared thirty-four years ago. None of its many successors have attempted anything like so full an exposition of the subject in all its bearings. The wealth—it might almost be styled the redundancy—of material, which is given, for the most part *in extenso*, is, on the whole, a gain. The law of copyright does not lend itself to condensation, and the most erudite deductions and distinctions from a decision or a statute or a treaty are not nearly so helpful as the heads or text itself, even if they amount to little else than a Chinese puzzle. Mr. Easton has done his work well. Those who are from constant use familiar with the treatise will be

grateful to him for adhering so closely to the original form. The case law, upon which literary jurisprudence so largely rests, has been brought well up-to-date with, in most instances, a careful commentary. The much-discussed decision of the House of Lords on the law of encyclopædias in "Aflalo (*not* "Afflalo") and Lawrence" &c. is, for instance, so lucidly discussed that any contributor can decide the course to adopt. The failure of the Musical (Summary Proceedings) Act, 1902, is usefully demonstrated. It may, however, be noticed that the remedies against street hawkers or others vending "books"—a term which includes a sheet of letterpress or music—that do not bear the name and address of the printer under the Newspapers &c. Act, 1869, appear to have escaped observation in this and, so far as we are aware, all other works on the subject. That Act, re-enacting as it did 2 and 3 Vict. c. 12 s. 2-4, gives full power to the Attorney-General &c. to proceed against all offenders in a manner which should be almost effectual. If this be so, the defeat of the Act amending 2 Edw. VII. c. 15 is of lesser importance than its interesting opponents' desire. This is the only English Copyright Statute enacted for the last fifteen years. Mr. Easton only mentions Lord Monkswell's Bill and wisely refrains from discussing the details of a measure which is still *in nubibus*. The greater part of the new matter in the work is concerned with international and foreign copyright. The fulness of this section has always been a valuable feature of "Copinger," and it promises now to be more valuable than ever. The many changes which have taken place in nearly all countries are adequately noted, a new and most valuable feature being a short summary of the "rights of foreigners" given under each country. The most recent changes in Germany are given, but the adhesion of Sweden to the Berne Convention is simply mentioned without the results being worked out. The exposition of the Canadian tangle and its partial disentanglement by the Act of 1900 is the most admirable extant. The chapters on copyright in the United States may safely be commended to the study of the considerable number of authors and others who are interested in that burning subject. The issue of *addenda* in a form capable of being inserted in the work may be commended to the publishers.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

## Fiction

#### THE HOUND FROM THE NORTH

By Ridgwell Callum. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) The opening portions of this story are by far the best part of the book. The account of the benighted traveller in the region to the extreme north of the Rocky Mountains, walking on and on, hoping to strike the trail before night closes in, getting more and more exhausted every minute, is vivid enough to attract attention. Here and there, however, the author adopts a jerky, formless habit of writing, which is by no means effective. "The earth white; snow to the thickness of many feet on all. Life none; not a beast of the earth, nor a fowl of the air, nor the hum of an insect. Solitude. Cold—grey; pitiless cold. Night is approaching." Happily the author does not continue in this strain for long, or it would become too irritating. The story is somewhat confused and treats of two gold robberies, several murders, illegal traffic in opium by means of a disused churchyard, and a forest fire. Hervey Malling is not a very convincing or powerful villain; Prudence, his sister, is more carefully and sympathetically drawn. We cannot quite understand what the writer means by this utterance: "Darkness hid the angry flush which had spread over his

face. The girl knew he was angry. His tone was raised and there was no mistaking Leslie Grey's anger. He was very nearly a gentleman, but not quite." It somehow seems to convey a vague yet awful indictment. The author is much more successful with his descriptive passages than with the handling of the story and its characters.

#### THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

By S. Weir Mitchell. (Unwin, 6s.) Either Washington has been unfortunate in the writers who have attempted to portray him or those writers are unlucky in having essayed such a character as Washington's. In the pages of fiction the gallant gentleman and very human man who suffered at Valley Forge, swore "like an archangel" at Lee's cowardice and shed tears over Arnold's treason, is always an irredeemable prig, or at best a marble statue of the "Father of his Country." Dr. Weir Mitchell has added another to the melancholy examples of Washingtonian dulness, though we might almost have expected him to escape the inevitable and achieve the impossible when we remember how in his tragedy of "Francis Drake" he caught the heart-beat of Elizabethan England and gave us an historic and human document which was also pure poetry. There is no poetry in "The Youth of Washington" and not much humanity. The record carries us only through twenty-six years of that eventful life ending just after Braddock's defeat and death, but as it is supposed to be written shortly before Washington's death, in his final leisure and retirement, it has no pulse of youth. It is sedate, detailed, conscientious and very dull. It may be very much what Washington would have written; in which case we can only say that Washington had no genius of self-portrayal. This well-behaved and rather thick-witted young gentleman gives no hint of latent fire and greatness; this is not the man for whom in later years his soldiers were ready to "storm hell." On one occasion he does knock down a negro without just cause, but that is his only deviation from the paths of rectitude; for the rest, "George is always a good boy," as his mother so unkindly remarked of him. Yet Dr. Weir Mitchell can present vital personalities; even in this book we have a delightful glimpse of the eccentric Lord Fairfax, seen through the eyes of his prosaic young friend, much bewildered by the combination of poet and cynic. But Washington has been too much for Dr. Weir Mitchell—as he was for George III.

#### THE EDGE OF CIRCUMSTANCE

By Edward Noble. (Blackwood, 6s.) The land-going lubber who does not sail on deep waters or go on hazardous expeditions to strange lands may yet know the geography of ships and be easily conversant with their construction. Signalling at sea will present no difficulty to him; he will know all about the high-pressure cylinder and the patent thrust; the signs of a coming storm he will recognise at once—thanks to the cult of the sea story. Amongst many other writers, Mr. Conrad and Mr. Jack London have laid bare the secrets of the sea; now Mr. Edward Noble should be hailed as another exponent—and no mean one either. "The Edge of Circumstance" is a striking book, one to be read. Mr. Noble attracts immediate attention yet does not shout; he gives us exciting situations yet leaves something to the imagination. The scene in which José, the dago, driven mad by cowardice and hate, kills the engineer and the mate amid the horrors of a storm at sea, is a fine piece of writing, yet it does not reek with unpleasant details or loathsome description. Mr. Noble is too much of an artist to overload his picture. A sentence here, a phrase there, conveys the picture. M'Grabbut, the engineer of the "Titan," whose fate it is to battle incessantly with worthless patent fittings and unseaworthy machinery, is a striking piece of character-drawing. His caustic tongue, dry humour and infinite resource are well conceived. Mr. Noble has dispensed with the conventional love interest, and the reader does not lose anything by it. A book to be reckoned with.

#### THE AMBASSADOR'S GLOVE

By Robert Machray. (Long, 6s.) Such chapter headings as "Daring Diamond Robbery," "An Appalling Danger," "Faithful unto Death," "A Buried Secret," give more than a hint of the character of the story. We do not expect a

novel of intense psychological interest, or anything that it is not. As a rather improbable yet excitingly sensational story it answers its purpose well. The reader's interest is never for one moment allowed to flag, nor is the mystery entirely cleared up until the last chapter. No less a personage than the British Ambassador at Rome is murdered in a well-known London hotel by a society of anarchists, in order to safeguard secrets that a traitor has divulged. But in killing the Ambassador they only achieve half their purpose, being unable to discover any memoranda or papers relating to the conspiracy that they have reason to believe exists. This necessitates the murder of a second man and the kidnapping of the Ambassador's daughter. Where the memoranda were really hidden, and how the Ambassador's daughter is saved by her lover, Mr. Robert Machray must tell. Such personages as the Foreign Secretary and the Prime Minister figure largely in these pages, although we are a little doubtful if such great men act in the manner described by the author. However, if "The Ambassador's Glove" is taken with several grains of salt an exciting hour or two may be spent.

#### OLIVE KINSELLA

By Curtis Yorke. (Long, 6s.) A very readable and interesting story, containing all the elements that make for popular success. There is a mystery concerning a secret room, a sudden disappearance, and an equally sudden return. There is a villain claiming a fortune that does not belong to him. There are at least two charmingly written love affairs, and a third merely sketched in, and all three cleverly and daintily treated. Some of the side issues of the author's story are, strangely enough, almost more interesting than the main theme itself. For instance, the Hartopp family are excellently drawn; Barbara, especially, stands out most vividly considering how lightly she is touched in. The heroine herself is rather irritating, although she wins our sympathy to a certain extent. There is something about this book suggesting irresistibly that the author could do better work. Not that "Olive Kinsella" is not good of its class, but the class itself is not on the highest plane, and we strongly recommend Curtis Yorke to return to her higher level. With imagination, a vivid sense of character, a power of writing passionate love scenes without in the least degree overstepping the bounds of good taste, and the gift of weaving a coherent story, there should be a future of success before this writer out of the beaten track of mere conventional story-telling.

#### THE MASK

By William Le Queux. (Long, 6s.) Mr. Le Queux is so full of invention and resource, he presents his mysteries with so much apparent reality and rushes events along so rapidly that he captures the imagination and to a certain extent disarms criticism. People who enjoy novels of this class will read "The Mask" with their usual satisfaction and never pause to question either the probability or the possibility of the adventures the author is so fertile in inventing. They will not ponder on the unlikelihood of many of Rupert Munro's actions, or on the very questionable manner in which he compounds felonies and takes the law into his own hands. It will probably never strike them, when they are following the hero in his search for the abducted heroine, to wonder why, when he does find her, he does not at once call in the assistance of the police instead of forcing his way into the house and carrying her off with the assistance of a very knight errant of a cabman. The secret which surrounds Maisie's past with mystery is well kept, but surely it was scarcely worth quite all the trouble expended in keeping it. She might at least have confided in that trustful and valiant Rupert—but then there would have been no story.

## Short Notices

#### MY KEY OF LIFE

By Helen Keller. (Isbister, 2s. 6d.) The chief interest of this essay on optimism lies in the curious circumstances in which it was written—circumstances which, to the casual observer, seem more likely to

breed rank pessimism than glad optimism. The author of the book, who recently wrote "The Story of My Life," is a deaf mute. Yet, although she cannot see the beauties of the outside world, she finds that within her that proclaims life good. "When I learned from Berkeley," she says, "that your eyes receive an inverted image of things which your brain unconsciously corrects, I began to suspect that the eye is not a very reliable instrument after all, and I felt as one who had been restored to equality with others." She disclaims that her optimism is the result of that lack of knowledge that one might imagine a woman so afflicted must necessarily have. No, she owns to dark days and the touch of evil, but now her happiness "is so deep that it is a faith so thoughtful that it becomes a philosophy of life." Speaking of Tolstoi's remark that America, "once the hope of the world, was in bondage to mammon," she denies it emphatically, and gladly calls herself an American citizen. She demands the forbearance of its judges until America has accomplished its almost superhuman task—that of assimilating all the different nations of the earth that flee to its shores. "New York," she says, "counts nearly one million five hundred thousand foreigners among its three and a half million citizens. . . . Every third person in our American metropolis is an alien." Striking statistics, certainly. Speaking of literature, she finds Shakespeare the prince of optimists, and contends that Swift has never been read as much as his genius should command, because he was a pessimist. She does not deny the popularity of Omar Khayyam, but is certain that "the man of letters whose voice is to prevail must be an optimist."

#### SERVICE OF THE SYNAGOGUE

Edited by Herbert M. Adler; prose translation by Herbert M. Adler and Arthur Davis; verse translation by Mrs. Redcliffe Salaman, Elsie Davis and Israel Zangwill. Day of Atonement. Part I. Evening Service. (Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.) This volume, which is the first of a series of six, should greatly assist in filling the gap caused by the absence of any modern and really efficient prayer-book of the Jewish festivals. The recension of the text which has been placed in the capable hands of Mr. Herbert M. Adler, who is well known as a Hebrew scholar, has been based upon the Heidenheim edition and upon manuscripts of the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, and is a decided improvement on that of other prayer-books, which are in many places corrupt. The prose translation is excellent, striking the happy mean between too servile a literalness and too free a paraphrase. It compares favourably with current versions, which show a tendency to be occasionally too stiff and heavy, too much bound by the original Hebrew. The verse translation of Hebrew hymns, which is one of the features of the new edition, is also on an extremely high level. In the prayers "Oh! let our prayer ascend from eventime" and "Forgive, I beseech Thee" Mrs. Redcliffe Salaman preserves not only something of the Hebrew metre, but what is infinitely harder, the actual spirit of the original. The well-known hymn beginning "For, behold, as the clay in the hand of the potter" has been excellently rendered by Miss Elsie Davis, in a style extraordinarily reminiscent of Omar Khayyam, though fearing, apparently, the profane associations of the Persian poet, the translator has chosen the metre of the heroic couplet. Mr. Zangwill is less scrupulous, and in the series of quatrains beginning "Thee I will seek, to Thee unveil my breast" has produced one of the best translations of an exceptionally fine series. If the remaining volumes are up to the standard of the first, there can be no doubt as to the success of the series.

#### A LIST OF NORMAN TYMPANA AND LINTELS WITH FIGURE OR SYMBOLICAL SCULPTURE STILL OR TILL RECENTLY EXISTING IN THE CHURCHES OF GREAT BRITAIN

By Charles E. Keyser. (Elliot Stock, 21s. net.) This list, with its learned introduction, makes a valuable addition to our works on architecture. Mr. Keyser's list is not only useful in itself, but provides ample excuse for the lengthy and

very interesting introductory matter. There is something quite fascinating to the student of architecture in all remains of Norman work, even the rudest. We can scarcely agree with Mr. Keyser's opinion that all the sculptures with which he deals are "intended to bear a religious interpretation," though doubtless in most cases this is so; equally so, doubtless, many of the interpretations suggested are accurate, but very rightly Mr. Keyser is not dogmatic and is willing to hear and weigh all opinions. A highly valuable book, one of a character too seldom met with.

#### COOK'S HANDBOOK FOR EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN

By E. A. Wallis Budge. (10s.) This is by far the most exhaustive handbook to Egypt which we have yet seen. Excluding the introduction which gives all the needful information to a traveller previously unacquainted with the country, the volume is divided into four parts. The first gives a concise account of the history of the country from the time of the first dynasty down to the English administration. Particularly interesting are the chapters on the Religion of the Ancient Egyptians, the Learning of the Ancient Egyptians, and the Egyptian Gods. The celebrated hymn to Râ is also given in the original hieroglyphics from the papyrus of Ani, accompanied by an English translation. The remainder of the book is devoted to descriptions of the principal places of interest throughout the whole length of Egypt, starting with Alexandria and the Nile delta and gradually working its way through Cairo, Thebes, Luxor and Aswân to Khartûm and the Great Lakes. At the end of the volume is an excellent sketch of the elements of Arabic, together with a vocabulary of useful words. The book contains no less than nine maps and a hundred and fifty illustrations, and should prove invaluable to all tourists in the country.

#### Reprints and New Editions

THE TEMPEST constitutes the second volume of the Red Letter Shakespeare, which is being edited by Mr. E. K. Chambers for Messrs. Blackie. The aim of this series is to be "at once scholarly, dainty, and popular." It is certainly the two former, and deserves to be the latter. I like immensely its arrangement and the red and black type employed. It is quite exceptionally clear and easy to read, which all Shakespeares are not. The price of each volume is one shilling net in cloth, eighteenpence in leather. It is interesting to note that Mr. Chambers writes in his introduction to "The Tempest," "It is, in fact, to be classed as dramatic *spectacle* rather than as drama proper, and the elaboration with which it has been put upon the stage by modern managers may be regarded as not, in this case, wholly out of keeping with the intention of the dramatist."—John Stuart Mill's ON LIBERTY is now for the first time published with an index (The New Universal Library, Routledge, 1s. net). In glancing over its pages again I was struck, in the light of recent events, by what Mill says of the nations of the East: ". . . they have become stationary—have remained so for thousands of years; and if they are ever to be farther improved it must be by foreigners. They have succeeded beyond all hope in what English philanthropists are so industriously working at—in making a people all alike, all governing their thoughts and conduct by the same maxims and rules; and these are the fruits." A cheap and satisfactory reprint.—An artistic little reprint is to be found in a selection from SENECA, by H. C. Sidley (Bell, 1s. net). The translation used is that by Mr. Aubrey Stewart, published in Bohn's Classical Library, except in an occasional paragraph where the translator's name is given.—Two new volumes are now added to Blackie's Library of Great Novelists—THE MILL ON THE FLOSS and TOM BURKE OF OURS (2s. 6d. each). The last-named, it will be remembered, was dedicated by Charles Lever to Miss Edgeworth. The dedication more than anything else makes one inclined to forgive Lever for his burlesque of Irish manners and customs. In it he says, "Had the scene of this, like that of my former books, been laid chiefly in Ireland, I should have felt too sensibly my own inferiority

to venture on the presumption of such a step. As it is, I never was more conscious of the demerits of my volume than when inscribing it to you; but I cannot resist the temptation of being ever thus associated with a name, the first in my country's literature." This, I take it, was not so much a reference to the author of "The Prussian Vase" as to that very fine piece of writing, "Castle Rackrent," which shamed Lever's handiwork.—Wilkie Collins' NO NAME and Reade's THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH (Collins' Handy Illustrated Pocket Novels, 1s. and 2s. each net) are two very pleasant volumes, most convenient to handle and looking well upon our bookshelves. They are profusely illustrated—a great feature of the series for those who like fiction illustrated. My ideas of such characters as Gerard and Denys so seldom tally with those of the illustrator that personally I prefer my "Cloister and the Hearth" without pictures. With "No Name" it is a different matter, probably even the author had no particular idea of his heroine's personal appearance.—Can THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON (Blackie, 2s.) for a moment be compared with "Robinson Crusoe"? After reading the latter could any one enjoy the former? I will confess that I never succeeded in getting more than half way through, while "Robinson Crusoe" was worn, as it were, to a shadow of his original self by my constant handling.—I have received no less than eighteen volumes of the Muses' Library (Routledge, 1s. each net). Apart from their contents the binding is so tasteful and the printing is so good that I marvel how they can possibly be sold at such a low price. Then when I open them and look at their contents the bargain seems greater than ever. Certainly they are exceptionally good value. Amongst the most interesting are WILLIAM BROWNE, VAUGHAN, GAY, WILLIAM DRUMMOND, CAREW, MARVELL, WALLER and DONNE. How easy it is nowadays compared with what it was a few years ago to collect a really handsome library of the poets at a small cost. Our only difficulty seems to be an embarrassment of choice.

F. T.-S.

## New Books Received

### Theological and Biblical

- Bevan, the Ven. W. L., Notes on the Church in Wales (S.P.C.K.), 0/6.  
 Bishop of Hull, The Christian in Home Life (S.P.C.K.), 0/1.  
 Chadwick, W. E., A Call for Efficiency: an Address to Sunday School Teachers (S.P.C.K.), 0/1.  
 The Royal Standard of God's United Kingdom (Greening), 3/6.

### Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Sainte-Beuve, C. A., Portraits of the Seventeenth Century, Historic and Literary, 2 vols. (translated by K. P. Wormeley) (Putnam), 21/0 net.  
 Ivanoff, Ian, Love and Eternity (Gay & Bird), 1/6 net.  
 Harrison, C., The Sound of a Voice that is Still (selected and arranged for daily use by A. G.) (Sonnenschein), 1/6 net.  
 Thorley, W. C., Poems (Heacham-on-Sea: The Author), 1/0.  
 Gosse, Edmund, French Profiles (Heinemann), 7/6.

### History and Biography

- Hunter, Capt. C., The Adventures of a Naval Officer (edited by Sir Spenser St. John) (Digby, Long), 6/0.  
 Jane, L. C., The Coming of Parliament: England from 1350 to 1660 (Unwin), 5/0.  
 Toherkoff, V., and Holah, F., A Short Biography of William Lloyd Garrison, with Introduction by Leo Tolstoy (Free Age Press), 2/6 net.  
 Macdonald, the Rev. A. (of Kilslearn), and Macdonald, the Rev. A. (of Kiltarity), The Clan Donald, Vol. III. (Inverness: Northern Counties Publishing Co.).

### Travel and Topography

- Adams, O. L., The Ancient Castles of Ireland (Stock), 10/6 net.  
 Candler, E., The Unveiling of Lhasa (Arnold), 15/0 net.  
 Cooper, T. P., York: the Story of its Walls and Castles (Stock), 10/6 net.  
 Millington, P., To Lhasa at Last (Smith, Elder), 3/6 net.  
 Landor, A. H. Savage, Tibet and Nepal (Black), 20/0 net.

### Science

- Weismann, Dr. A., The Evolution Theory, 2 vols. (translated by J. A. and M. R. Thomson) (Arnold), 32/0 net.  
 Engle, J. S., Analytic Interest Psychology and Synthetic Philosophy (Baltimore: King Brothers).

### Educational

- Arnett, B., The Elements of Geometry, Theoretical and Practical, Books I., II., and III. (Simpkin, Marshall), 2/0 each.  
 Hall and Stevens, Lessons in Experimental and Practical Geometry (Macmillan), 1/6.

### Miscellaneous

- The Wimbledon and Merton Annual (Trim), 2/6 net.  
 Payne, E. J., Colonies and Colonial Federations (Macmillan), 3/6.  
 Currock, W. E. M., How a Steam Engine Works (Dawbarn & Ward), 0/6 net.  
 Harvey, C. H., The Biology of British Politics (Sonnenschein), 2/6.  
 The Zoological Record, Vol. XL. (Zoological Society), 30/0.

- Haggard, H. Rider, A Gardener's Year (Longmans), 12/6 net.  
 Devine, E. T., The Principles of Relief (Macmillan), 2/6 net.  
 Longland, W., How to Read a Workshop Drawing (Dawbarn & Ward), 0/6 net.  
 The Geographical Journal, Vol. XXIV. (Stanford).  
 Keyser, C. E., A List of Norman Tympana and Lintels, with Figure- or Symbolical Sculpture still or till recently existing in the Churches of Great Britain (Stock), 21/0 net.  
 Kermode, P. M. C., and Herdman, W. A., Illustrated Notes on Manks Antiquities (Liverpool: The University).  
 Hasell's Annual for 1905 (Hasell, Watson & Viney), 3/6 net.  
 A Thousand of the Best Novels (Newark, N.J.: Free Public Library).  
 Archaeology: Progress Report of the Archaeological Survey of Western India (Bombay: Government Office), 0/11.  
 Report of the Minister of Finance to H.M. the Emperor on the Budget of the Empire (St. Petersburg: Imperial Academy of Science).  
 Vinogradoff, Dr. P., The Growth of the Manor (Sonnenschein), 10/6.  
 Porter, Mrs. H., The Secret of a Great Influence (Macmillan), 3/0 net.  
 Lawrie, Sir A. C., Early Scottish Charters prior to A.D. 1153 (MacLehose), 10/0 net.  
 Willis, Mary A. (compiled by), The R. J. Campbell Birthday Book (Christian Commonwealth Co.), 2/6 net.

### Reprints and New Editions

- Mill, J. S., On Liberty (Routledge), 1/0 net.  
 Reade, C., The Cloister and the Hearth (Collins), 1/0 net.  
 Collins, W., No Name (Collins), 1/0 and 2/0 net.  
 Trevelyan, Sir G. O., The American Revolution, 3 vols. (Longmans), 5/0 net per vol.  
 Halifax, S., The Heart of a Heretic (Brimley Johnson), 2/6 net.  
 Phillimore, W. P. W., Heralds' College and Coats-of-Arms (Phillimore), 1/0 net.  
 Shakespeare, Twelfth Night and Julius Caesar (Waistcoat Pocket Edition) (Treherne), 1/0 net each.  
 Ranger-Gull, C., The Hypocrite (Greening), 0/6.  
 Shakespeare, Julius Caesar and King Richard III. (Methuen), 1/0 net each.  
 Lassar-Cohn, Dr., Chemistry in Daily Life (Grevel).  
 Dickinson, Emily, Poems (Methuen), 4/6 net.  
 Fletcher, Professor Banister, A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method (Batsford), 21/0 net.

### Fiction

- Phillipotts, Eden, "The Secret Woman" (Methuen), 6/0; Meredith, E., "Heart of My Heart" (Methuen), 6/0; Gowing, Mrs. Aylmer, "Lord of Himself" (Long), 6/0; Yorke, Curtis, "Olive Kinsella" (Long), 6/0; Forbes, Lady Helen, "The Provincials" (Long), 6/0; Forster, R. H., "Strained Allegiance" (Long), 6/0; Warden, Florence, "The Face in the Flashlight" (Long), 6/0; Barrett, Frank, "The Night of Reckoning" (Long), 6/0; Harbourn, A. M., "At the Time Appointed" (Lippincott), 6/0; Mitchell, S. W., "New Samaria" (Lippincott), 3/6; Tyler, Sarah, "Favours from France" (Digby, Long), 6/0; Appleton, G. W., "The Luck of Bella Barton" (Digby, Long), 6/0; Sergeant, Adeline, "Celia's Fortune" (Digby, Long), 6/0; Hume, Fergus, "The Mandarin's Fan" (Digby, Long), 6/0; Foster, J. M., "The Furnace of Fortune" (Henderson), 0/3; Orcey, Baroness (Mrs. Montague Barstow), "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (Greening), 6/0; Brown, Katharine H., "Diane" (Heinemann), 6/0; Cotterell, Constance, "The Virgin and the Scales" (Methuen), 6/0; Lovat, A. F., "Mouncey and Others" (Glasgow: Bryce), 2/6 net; Roberts, Morley, "Lady Penelope" (White), 6/0; Young, F. E., "The War of the Sexes" (Long), 6/0; Preston-Muddock, J. E., "From the Clutch of the Sea" (Long), 6/0; Forester-Walker, C., "The Doll's Dance" (Digby, Long), 6/0; Black, Maye H., "Stories from Balladland" (Digby, Long), 3/6.

### Periodicals, &c.

- "Saint George," "Scottish Historical Review," "The Forum," "International Journal of Ethics," "Indian Magazine," "The Ancestor," "South Place Magazine," "Journal of Philology," "Lippincott's," "The London," "Mind," "Art," "Baconiana," "Review of Reviews," "The Cosmopolitan," "North American Review," "Pictorial Comedy," "New Africa," "Book News," "Edinburgh Review," "Church Quarterly Review," "English Historical Review."

### Booksellers' Catalogues

- Mr. Bertram Dobell (Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century English), 77 Charter Cross Road, W.C.; Mr. Thomas Thorp (General), 100 St. Martin's Lane, W.C., and at Reading; Mr. Francis Edwards (Dramatic Literature), 83 High Street, Marylebone, W.

### Foreign

#### New Edition

- Piranesi, G., Le Case degli Alighieri (Firenze: Francesco Lumaachi).

#### Fiction

- Φυάρις, Ζωή και 'Αγάπη στη μορφή (Paris: H. Welter), 10f.

#### Periodicals, &c.

- "Anales de la Universidad" (Santiago de Chile: Imprenta Cervantes), "L'Occident," "Mercure de France," "Revue Germanique."

## Forthcoming Books, &c.

Mr. T. Sturge Moore's volume on "Albert Dürer," which Messrs. Duckworth will publish this month, aims at putting the man and his work before us in relation to general ideas. It is not an historical abstract or a record of research and discovery, but rather an examination of standards, ideals, and influences. By the kindness of the Dürer Society there will be included among the illustrations four of their copperplates.—Mr. Heinemann will publish on the 25th of this month "A Belle of the Fifties," being the Memoirs of Mrs. Clay, of Alabama.—Love and courtship in a quiet cathedral town form the theme of Mr. E. F. Benson's new novel, "An Act in a Backwater," which Mr. Heinemann announces for the same date.

## My Book of Memory

**B**OOKMEN as a rule are fond of pictures as well as of books, but I do not know that an affection for music is common among them. Pictures find a place in almost every bookish home I have the pleasure to know, and for myself if ever I have the money spare, upon a collection of paintings and engravings of London past and present shall it be expended. As I turn over the pages of my book of memory, my mental diary, I find that next in number to the entries concerning books come those concerning music, which has ever been a solace and delight to me. For detailed consolation and joy I have looked to my books. But there are moods in which I do not ask for any set and formal conversation, in which I crave for something akin to the message of the wind, the rain, the skies, the sea, a message inarticulate but clear, songs without words. Such messages, it seems to me, does music convey. There are hours of sorrow when the words and sympathy of even the dearest must jar upon me; at such times I can listen to a great music and be soothed and helped. Then also there are moments when everything in the world appears to me to be hard and wrong, when it is necessary for my refreshment that I should be lifted out of this world, and by what art can this be better done than by that of music? I may not know the mood of the composer when he wrote the strains that so deeply appeal to me and help me, I may not even have any understanding of the thing he has striven to say, I may find in his melodies that which he never put there, the very music that soothes me may exhilarate you, but what need I reckon of all this? I know this music does come home to my bosom, does lighten my burden for me; that is all I ask of it.

I suppose I am growing old-fashioned, for to me much of modern music is mere noise or pedantry. There are composers—living and dead—who I am told are great, but they touch me not; they seem to me to speak with effort, or often to talk when they have nothing to say; they appear to me complex, insincere, uninspired; it is as if it were impossible to them to set forth sublime music, they mistake complexity for sublimity, fury for greatness. Similar is the case with many writers of books and painters of pictures. He that hath a message to deliver can best deliver it in a language understood of all people; Carlyle, Meredith, Browning, Wagner, Strauss—surely they are all the less great in that always in some cases, often in others, they speak a language which has to be studied if not interpreted. This complexity is confined almost entirely to the moderns; the old masters achieved their splendid results by simpler methods. Then I suppose I am wrong in thirsting for melody, melodies shapely and complete, such as appeal not to our younger school of composers; to them a melody is a tune and therefore abomination. Not one of them, as he could, would condescend to write another unfinished symphony such as Schubert's. Yet all the deathless music we have, the music that lives to-day and was born many a yesterday ago, glows with melody; and though it is foolish to indulge in prediction, I do believe that the centuries to come will echo with the music of Wagner that is melodious, as most of it is, not hearing anything of that which he has given us—confused and—if I may apply the word to music—verbose. Heresy! Heresy! Yes, maybe it is so, according to those who do not agree with me; and they may be altogether right in their opinions, but I endeavour to set down no false entry in

my mental diary, and these opinions I hold and have held always.

With a friend of mine I have listened to much music, always with common enjoyment, for we have only heard together that which we both admire. He, however, is a stern partisan, a modern of moderns, and laughs at me for my comprehensive love. I in turn laugh at him, for surely mine is the better part; I do not think that there is any admittedly great composer for much of whose music I have not an admiration. Bach, Corelli, Handel, Gluck, Weber, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Berlioz, Wagner, Nicolai, Liszt, Grieg, Elgar—all and others have their splendours for me, but for him some of them are dogs unfortunately not dumb. There is no moral question at stake, not one even of artistic morality, so in the end I am the happier of the two in that more and more varied pleasures are mine. Then, too, I know those to whom opera is delightful, but for whom there are no charms in orchestral or chamber music; again, all appeal to me, with varied strength at varied times. One day my brain or my heart may be sick, then opera or chamber music would not fulfil my craving; I seek out to hear a majestic symphony by Beethoven or a song by Schubert, and my thirst is quenched. At other times I desire to lose myself in a world of stimulating sound, of the pageantry of music; then for me "Die Meistersinger" above all operas—or music dramas—or Charpentier's "Louise," or —, or —. Such music intoxicates me, making me mentally drunk. How keenly I recall one summer night some years ago; the labour of the day had been harassing; but what cared I, knowing that the evening was to be spent with the Mastersingers of Nuremberg? The theatre was hushed, the world forgotten, as the strains of that glorious introduction began to stream forth, everything forgotten before this magic music. The hours flew by, in the goodly company of Hans Sachs, David, Walter, Pogner—in the goodly company of magnificent melodies; at last the curtain fell and I went out into the night, heeding not the jostling, shouting crowd, out and along the empty streets—for it was midnight—and so home beneath the moon, my head awl with music and my heart stirred to its depths. I sat for an hour or more by the open window of my chamber, too stirred to think of slumber, realising how much music means to those who love it.

As for songs, who shall say what power they wield? Songs merry, songs martial, songs sorrowful; songs sung in church or other meeting place by a thousand voices, bringing tears to the eyes of some and high beating blood to the cheeks of others; Christmas carols, with their echo of simple beliefs long since made complex; the song of the troops marching to fight; the song sung by a woman's voice in the twilight—ah me, no pen can quite describe *that*, we have all *felt* it.

Yes, yes, next to my books my music and my pictures: faith, if I be not a happy man then indeed must I be one cantankerous, at whom fate will throw up her hands as at an ingrate.

E. G. O.

## The Repertoire Theatre

**A**T last, after Heaven knows how much of scribbling and chattering, interlarded with a few earnest attempts such as those of the Stage Society and of Mr. Vedrenne at the Court, a project for a Repertoire Theatre in London has actually been launched. The scheme which has long been under con-

sideration was made public a few days since by its originator, Mr. J. T. Grein, who, out of his practical knowledge and experience, has evolved a plan which holds forth excellent promise, firstly of putting the whole matter seriously to the test, and secondly of founding a permanent theatre should the test prove successful.

There are five chief points to be considered: (1) public support, (2) the theatre, (3) the actors, (4) the repertoire, (5) finances.

1. Will the public, in sufficient numbers to render it a paying concern, attend an artistically conducted Repertoire Theatre? I think they will, and for these reasons: that the Stage Society with its admirable performances has flourished, so also have the plays so well produced by Mr. Vedrenne at the Court Theatre during the last autumn; then there is so little competition in London, where musical comedy rules the roast. Mr. Otho Stuart at the Adelphi Theatre has shown that there is a public that cares for poetic drama and for Shakespeare—"The Taming of the Shrew"—finely acted in bold Elizabethan style and not overweighted with gorgeous scenery and costumes; lastly, the German Theatre, appealing only to a very small number of people, has taken firm root. I believe that there is a very considerable body of playgoers ready to support, from the first, an adequate Repertoire Theatre, and that the very existence of such a theatre will gradually win the favour of the public at large.

2. When it has been proved that a Repertoire Theatre is not only demanded but will pay its way, a home for it can and should be built or bought; meanwhile, for the experimental stage, a theatre can be hired; one not too big, or too sumptuous, or too costly, but comfortable, large enough to hold a sufficient audience and with stage accommodation adequate for the production of the plays chosen.

3. There are many capable and some first-rate actors and actresses who, through no fault of their own, but owing to the exigencies of the commercial theatre, are frequently, if not entirely, unemployed. The actor's profession is indeed hazardous to-day, when engagements are usually made only for the run of a piece which may not hit the public fancy or for a tour of the provinces which may end abruptly and disastrously, and when in London there is not a single stock company. From these a first-rate all-round company of players could be selected, "stars" being rigorously avoided, no player being paid a salary of more than, say, £20 per week, engagements being made for a year with the option of continuance, and every actor and actress being bound to play any character offered by the director of the theatre.

4. The repertoire will consist of good plays of old and of recent days and of new plays. At first it would be difficult to tackle Shakespeare, but there are many old comedies—Congreve's, Wycherley's, Steele's, Farquhar's, Goldsmith's, Sheridan's—which could easily be mounted and acted for a week or three nights at a time. As to recent writers surely they and the managers who hold the rights of their plays will not grudge to the Repertoire Theatre the use of some of their earlier successes? In fact, in this way the Repertoire Theatre should prove a godsend to the theatrical manager, stimulating public interest in a dramatist's latest by the reproduction of some of his earlier works. As for new plays, they will be carefully selected, carefully mounted, carefully played, and—no longer run than six consecutive days or several weeks of three days being permitted—many new plays and new dramatists, if such there be, will face the footlights during the year.

5. But the well-being of the whole depends upon

management and finance. Mr. Grein is not merely a dramatic critic of repute, but has, with the German Theatre and elsewhere, gained invaluable practical knowledge of the working and successful maintenance of a Repertoire Theatre. As director he will associate with himself a trustee, who will represent the interests of the guarantors, who will be asked to provide the necessary funds to enable the theatre to tide over the first and most dangerous days and to ensure the undertaking of a start. Three years would be by no means too long an experimental stage, and would require a guarantee fund of some £25,000; but failing the promise of that amount, the minimum useful experiment of one year can surely be carried out with a guarantee fund of, say, £8,000 to £10,000. Half of the guarantee should be cash to meet immediate expenses and the expenditure necessary before the curtain can rise on the opening night.

When thousands and thousands are being expended on luxuries of every sort, when every other art—painting, music, literature—is being encouraged by public support, is it not but little to ask the guarantee of a few thousands, so that a fair trial may be made to establish a Repertoire Theatre in London? Not only is the plan fully matured, but the organisation as regards its chief officers is in working order. The day that sufficient support is received work can begin. Space only permitted dealing with the outlines of the scheme, but I hope to return to the matter next week. It is to be hoped that many readers of *THE ACADEMY* will be willing to come forward as guarantors—of any sum, however small or however big, £10 to £1,000. Full details of the scheme will be sent on application to the Secretary, the Repertoire Theatre, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, London, S.W.

## Lamb's Enfield Residences

**W**RITING to his friend Hood in the autumn of 1827 Lamb tells him that he and Mary had finally torn themselves from Colebrooke Row and were about to domiciliate for good in Enfield. Their first home in that village was what is now called "The Poplars," but in its present state so enlarged and altered as to bear no resemblance to its appearance in Lamb's time. In this house they remained for two years, and then removed next door to lodge with an honest couple—the Westwoods. In connection with the latter house a writer, about two years ago, called attention to "an interesting point which seems to have escaped the attention of biographers and commentators," the "interesting point" being that Lamb, so the writer stated, had in one of his letters described the house as situated "*forty-two inches nearer town*"; whereas the "*Westwood Cottage*" would be forty-two inches *further* from town." Having made the latter discovery, he asked: "Was this the house of the Westwoods or was Lamb's description of the location of their new lodgings an example of his extravagant humour, meant to confuse his friends?" and ended as follows: "Attempts have been made to solve this seeming riddle, but so far without success."

The supposed statement of Lamb's that his house was "*forty-two inches nearer town*" appears to have been accepted on the authority of the late Canon Ainger in his "Life of Charles Lamb" and that of Mr. B. E. Martin in his book "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb." If the writer had only referred to the letter he would himself have been enabled to solve the "seeming riddle" without much trouble. What Lamb wrote

is just the reverse of what he is credited with having written. Here are his own words in a letter to William Ayrton dated March 14, 1830: "We have an asylum at the very next door (only *twenty-four inches further* from town, which is not material in a country expedition)."

It may seem rather late in the day to call attention to the matter now, but as there still appears to be considerable confusion in regard to the Lambs' two Enfield residences, as will be seen from the following, it may not be altogether out of place to do so.

In "The Pall Mall Gazette" for December 29 last a correspondent who with an American friend on the anniversary of Lamb's death visited most of Lamb's London and suburban haunts, is quoted in a literary article ("The Book World") as follows: "So we betook ourselves by way of Liverpool Street to Enfield, there to find that the habitation of the superannuated Elia is yawning for want of tenants. It was there that Westwood, the Cheapside haberdasher, retired upon 'forty pounds a year and one anecdote,' and there also that he took Charles and Mary Lamb to live with him. The house has no outside attraction, being merely a stucco and commonplace affair, with a dozen staring windows and a portico of the forbidding type most prevalent in Pimlico." This house with the "stucco" front and "portico of forbidding type" is *not* the one in which the Westwoods lived, as was pointed out by the Cheapside haberdasher's son in "Notes and Queries" for November 23, 1872. It appears that S. C. Hall, in his article on Lamb in "The Art Journal" for 1865, had given a view of the house which he claimed to be the "odd-looking, gambogish-coloured house"—the Lambs' first Enfield residence—but which Westwood declared to be the one in which he himself was born and in which the Lambs took up their abode when they gave up housekeeping—"riddled ourselves of the cares of dirty acres," as Elia described it. Thomas Westwood's little article is so truly delightful that I may perhaps be pardoned if I quote an extract from it:

"The sketch in question represents (faithfully enough) the house of Lamb's next-door neighbour, in which he spent several years, and in a little back parlour of which (be it venerated henceforth!) looking out through a cluster of apple trees towards the New River and Epping Hills, some portion of his "Last Essays of Elia" were written. In that house I was born; in that back parlour, at Lamb's elbow, much of my youthful leisure was spent. I see the room now; the brisk fire in the grate, the lighted card-table some paces off, Charles and Mary Lamb and Emma Isola (the 'Isola Bella whom the poets love') seated around it, playing whist; the old books thronging the old bookshelves; the Titian and Da Vinci engravings on the walls and in the spaces between Emma Isola's pretty copies in Indian ink of the prints in Bagster's edition of the "Compleat Angler." That was its usual evening aspect; but at times there were great receptions—friends of the poets—never-to-be-forgotten gatherings. Oh! then—for I was a book-loving, poet-worshipping lad—my heart gladdened and heightened; then I drank in, with insatiate ear, the inspired talk of Christopher North, and Wordsworth, of Procter, Hunt, Hood and many more. . . . I see that room once more, dismantled, disenchanted, the familiar presences vanished for ever, the hearth cold. In my last Enfield vision of Lamb, he is walking by the side of an open cart, laden with his books, his face set towards London."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

## The Future of the Sun

**M**ODERN astronomy has taught us that the sun is the central portion of a great nebula which has been shrinking for many hundreds of millions of years. The shrinkage is due to the force of gravitation, the centre of the sun being the centre of gravity of the original nebula and of the present solar system. The sun, of course, is not burning as a fire burns: that is to say, no oxidation is occurring within him, his temperature being indeed much too high to permit of the occurrence of any chemical combination. As far as we know, the sun's heat, to which all life on the earth is due, is derived solely from the energy released in virtue of his gravitational shrinkage. A diminution in the sun's diameter of about sixteen inches per annum would account for all the energy emitted by him. At present we are without evidence that radium is present in the sun, though the occurrence in his atmosphere of helium, which is known to be derived from radium in terrestrial laboratories, makes it appear not improbable, despite the lack of any evidence from the spectroscope, that there may be radium in the sun. However, as far as we at present know, it is the force of gravitation that supplies the sun with his power and therefore the earth with its life. The energy utilised in your reading of this article is, in the long run, gravitational energy.

Now if there be any cosmic force that is uniform and constant in its action, it is gravitation; and if there be any source of power that is commonly thought of as constant and trustworthy, it is the sun. It may be true that he belongs to the category of yellow stars, supposed to be falling in temperature, and destined, within an appreciable time, to become red-hot and finally black; but, at any rate, nothing calamitous is going to happen in our time—the sun may fairly be counted upon.

But it appears that this is only partially true. In the first place, there are the sun-spots, discovered by Galileo nearly three centuries ago. Though astronomers cannot tell us their nature, yet it is positively known that they cause variations in the electric state of our atmosphere and always affect the magnetic needle. In so far, then, the sun cannot be regarded as a constant or invariable source of energy. Further, we know that there are numerous bright sun-spots, besides the dark ones to which the name usually refers; and these also are variable.

But quite recently Professor S. P. Langley, one of the foremost of American astronomers, has adduced evidence which points to a striking, if not an ominous, conclusion. He is the inventor of an instrument called the bolometer, which is an almost incredibly sensitive thermometer or heat measurer, and is said to be able to indicate the heat radiated from a human face distant one-third of a mile. Nevertheless, the possession of so sensitive an instrument does not suffice to record any possible variations in the heat we receive from the sun until numerous sources of fallacy, due to atmospheric variation, are eliminated. This, however, Professor Langley has succeeded in doing; and here are his results.

He believes that at the end of March 1903, contemporaneously with a marked increase in sun-spots, something happened in the sun that caused a rapid fall in the solar radiation, which subsequently has continued to be about *ten per cent. less than before!* What the cause of this fall may have been we cannot conjecture; but it is interesting to inquire what consequences it

had for the earth. According to Professor Langley, such a change in the sun would reduce the temperature of the earth's surface by something less than  $7.5^{\circ}$  Centigrade. Now when attention is directed to the exact observations made at eighty-nine stations in the North Temperate Zone, and when these are compared with the results of many previous years, it is found that a definite fall of more than two degrees did actually occur; nor is it possible to conceive "what influence, not solar, could have produced this rapid and *simultaneous* reduction of temperatures over the whole North Temperate Zone, and continued operative for so long a period."

Whilst we remain ignorant of the cause of this solar change we cannot make any predictions as to its persistence or possible accentuation. All we can conclude is that our tenure of this "lukewarm bullet" is perhaps not so certain as some of us have thought.

But my real purpose in writing this article has been to draw attention to the extreme interest and importance of contemporary work in astronomy. Only the other day I was asked whether astronomy had not practically exhausted itself, little more being left to do than the gaining of greater precision as to the weights and distances of the heavenly bodies. Never was greater delusion. The telescope, perhaps, has already won its greatest triumphs; but the spectroscope is only beginning to realise its possibilities. (I need hardly say that the spectroscope was indispensable for Professor Langley's observations.) This instrument has not only told us that which Comte declared we should never know—the chemical composition of the heavenly bodies—but it is enabling us to write a few scattered chapters of cosmic *history*. By its means the student is learning to classify the stars, to state whether they are in climax or decline, and to indicate their motion *in the line of sight*, when the telescope can tell us nothing.

We may yet expect from the new astronomy a detailed prediction as to the future of the sun; a determination of the question whether or not our stellar universe is finite; an explanation of its arrangement in a plane (the plane of the Milky Way), and of many other great questions. Lastly, let me note a recent observation, which bears on the future of the sun and his family. It has been shown that the "proper motion" of the solar system is not at any one of the infinite number of possible angles to the plane of the Galaxy, but is in that plane. If it should be found, as seems probable, that all the stars move, or are coming to move, in this plane we must conceive of our Universe as a flat disc bounded by the great circle of the Milky Way. It remains to be wondered whether it is rotating, and whether it is moving as a whole through infinite space.

C. W. SALEEBY.

## The Impressionists

**I**T was my intention to write further upon the Internationals this week, and upon the genius of the French sculptor Rodin in particular; but I have been among the French Impressionists all day, and they have taken possession of my pen. There are some men's masterpieces that, seen for the first time, almost overwhelm one with astonishment, with a strange wonder, at the greatness of the achievement; and surely he who stands before Manet's superb nude where she lies upon her white bed in his celebrated "Olympia" at the Luxembourg in Paris must realise that the French nation possesses one of the greatest masterpieces of the

nineteenth century. The splendid technique, the largeness of the conception, the intense beauty of the colouring, the exquisite modelling, the power of the thing, affect one as the greatness of the Greek statue, "The Venus of Milo," at the Louvre affects one, with that strange wonder that is felt before the creative power that lies in man's hand. To say that such a masterpiece may be seen amongst Manet's works exhibited in London to-day would be childish; but there are two canvases by this very great man, two gloriously representative works, which ought to belong to the English nation—the "Afternoon Music in the Tuileries Gardens, 1860" and at least the small study of fish called "Still Life," if the portrait of "Miss Eva Gonzalés," as is very likely, is beyond purchase. As examples of mastery of craftsmanship and beauty of colour the English student should have the advantage of seeing such pieces constantly. The impressionist landscape-painter Monet is represented by a picture of dead "Pheasants," which should be secured by the nation at all costs—it is an unforgettable thing. It would be well to have in addition one of his two fine pictures of Rouen Cathedral in snow to increase the nation's riches, with, let us say, the "Environs of Argenteuil" as specimens of this master's vibrant artistry, which should have a healthy and invigorating effect on English students. But the "Pheasants" alone, with its marvellous qualities of colour, even to the painting of the white cloth on which the dead birds lie, would add incalculable treasure to the national collection of art. Of Pissarro's work, the nation should acquire without fail the "View of Sydenham," a masterly piece of painting as well as of colour, and the powerful "The Pont Neuf—Afternoon Sun," a veritable masterpiece. Sisley could be worse known to the coming generations of English students than by his Corot-like and beautiful "The Seine at Bougival." Whilst Degas, a most unequal artist (for all the exaggerative praise and abuse he has lived through), though he cannot be represented in the national collections by his immortal "Absinthe," should be known to us by his "Carriage at the Races," by the vivid and dramatic "At the Theatre—While the Curtain Falls," which is a glorious pastel in his best manner, and by "The Ironer." Boudin's landscapes, so fragrant of the land that lies on the water's edge, could be worse represented than by his delightful "Bathing-time at Trouville." If these pictures could be secured for England our art would gain enormously thereby; and these masters, the makers of a vivid and vital advance in technical achievement, would be known at something like their real value, instead of being known, as is much more likely to be the case, by their more tentative or more exaggerative efforts—a thing that is of incalculable harm to the student. Needless to say, most of the critics are talking, and will talk, much ridiculous over-praise of the work by the French Impressionists on view in London to-day, to make up for the stupid neglect of the past. But the work of these Frenchmen at their best it would be difficult to overrate. The great beauty which men like Manet and Monet, Degas and Pissarro

## PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF  
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and Sisley could get out of a flat coat of green or grey, the atmosphere they could win from the bravura of their vivid craft, the harmonies they could weave from the right use of greys and greens and black, the colour and life they could get out of the use of the variants of white alone, are lessons that every Englishman would do well to appreciate and to cultivate. Their mastery of pattern, of arrangement, and of the vitalities that lie in colour, will keep their names immortal and their art fresh and vivid. There will probably never be such a chance of securing so fine a group of works by the great impressionist school of France; and it will be a thousand pities if it be lost. England to-day has a great opportunity.

HALDANE MACFALL.

## Monthly Prize Competition AWARD

### JAPAN

By Lafcadio Hearn. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)

**T**o approach so intricate, so deeply involved and so many-sided a subject as the interpretation of Japanese ethical development in any spirit save one of earnest and humble inquiry would be nothing short of gross arrogance on the part of the casual reader. Ten years ago such a volume as that now before us would have had an audience fit, but few indeed. To-day, thanks to recent events in the East and the deep national interest taken in their progress, there are few, ranking themselves among educated and broad-minded persons, whose reading has not led them into latitudes bearing on the subject.

In the popular view the picturesque has long been the dominant feature in the Japanese landscape. Mr. Hearn, than whom few men are better qualified to do so, has boldly lifted the veil, and, looking beneath the picturesque, with the clear sight and calm judgment of the discerning sociologist, has laid his finger on the keynote of the national characteristics of Japan of to-day, the wondrous antique fabric of the Shinto cult.

His first ten chapters are mainly devoted to a study—concise, practical and always interesting—of evolution, of primitive ancestor-worship in Japan, which is compared with the early stages of the Greek and Roman mythology.

To this source Mr. Hearn traces the growth of the splendid loyalty and proved patriotism of the modern Japanese; traces also their extraordinary lack of individualism, their slavish subjection to customs and conventions, the heavy yoke of an ancient rule of the dead.

The very politeness, the urbane orderliness of the people, the very absence of violence and crime, he shows to be the outcome of centuries, tens of centuries, of rigid discipline and control, of utter absence of individual freedom of thought or speech or deed. As Mr. Hearn points out, the Japan of to-day is not a world of the twentieth century after Christ, but a world of many centuries before Christ; yet this fact remains unrecognised by many people to this day.

This is Mr. Hearn's chief point in emphasising the absolute impossibility of sympathy between the mind of the Occident and that of the Far East. In point of view we stand as far apart as pole from pole. The Japanese idea is the outcome of a human experience evolutionally thousands of years younger than our own. Further, it stands in an entirely different trend of evolution from any through which our Aryan state ever passed.

To this fact is attributed the failure, the seeming hopelessness, of implanting in such a people the seeds of Western Christianity. The very activity of their intelligence makes their religious conservatism more formidable than in less fanatic, more barbarous nations. The introduction of Christianity means an uprooting of all that the nation holds sacred, all the religious cult of the dead, all the antique structure on which rests the Empire of the Heavenly Ones—an uprooting inseparable from a proper conception of Western Christianity.

The chances for a Christianity adapted to fit in and be assimilated, as were the general principles of Buddhism, with the harmless and revered forms of Shinto, Mr. Hearn considers to have been demolished by the disastrous effects and evil influence of the Jesuit Mission of the sixteenth century. To quote one of the author's pithy sentences:

"The real and avowed object of missions is defeated by persistent indifference to sociological truths, and the martyrdoms and sacrifices are utilised by Christian nations for ends essentially opposed to the spirit of Christianity."

Late in the story of the world Japan has gone to school; in a spirit of juvenility she is learning in a few years the lessons acquired with the pains of centuries by her Western allies, learning them with a quick intelligence of slow maturity.

On the foundations of strict suppression of individual entity, on a creed of supreme unselfishness, on the religion of unflinching duty, Japan stands to-day with the key to the West in her hand. Will she turn it and take her place among the peoples of the Occident?

The perusal of this "Attempt at Interpretation" leads us to answer in the affirmative.

MADGE S. SMITH.

### REGULATIONS.

We shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 1s., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 1s. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 1s. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE*. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

### RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, *THE ACADEMY*, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 2 of Cover.)

## SUBJECT FOR FOURTH COMPETITION

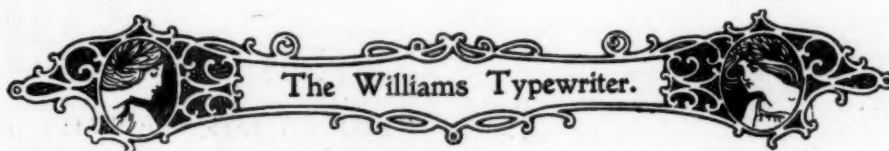
VIVIAN GREY. By Lord Beaconsfield.

*Competitors' MSS. must reach the office not later than February 13.*

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## "Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

### COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

**Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.**

### NOTE.

THE LEGEND OF PERSEPHONE.—It does not seem quite certain that Persephone was gathering daffodils when Pluto carried her off. Ovid says: "Ipse crocos tenuis, liliacque alba legit" ("Fasti," iv. 442). This differs from the version in the Homeric Hymns (Hymn to Demeter). Here it is stated that Zeus, in order to help Pluto, caused a wonderful daffodil, or narcissus, with a hundred blossoms, to spring from the earth. Persephone was so attracted by the flowers that she was easily carried away. There is no reason to suppose that Persephone fell asleep and was then carried off. The following details are given by Ovid:

Carpenti studio paulatim longius itur  
Et dominam casu nulla secuta comes.  
Hanc videt et visam patrus velociter aufert, &c.  
("Fasti," iv. 443-445).—Percy Selver.

## Questions SHAKESPEARE.

MONEY IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.—In estimating the value of money in Shakespeare's day compared with its relative value in our own time I find considerable difficulty in coming to a conclusion as to the proportion that should be rightly assigned to each. Mr. Sidney Lee puts the average income of Shakespeare before 1599 at £130, which he says is "equal to £1,040 of to-day"—that is, eight times more. Other critics do not put the increase so high, and if we consider that the prices for admission in the public theatres such as the Globe ranged from 2d. to 2s. 6d. we must be surprised at the wealth of the ordinary spectators, who could afford to pay from 1s. 4d. to 20s. of our money to see a play. If any of your readers could throw light on this question it would be a favour.—D. R. Clark (Glasgow).

SHAKESPEARE AND EPICTETUS.—Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher, in one of his discourses said (according to translation): "Remember that thou art an actor in a play of such a part as it may please the director to assign thee; of a short part if he choose a short part, of a long one if he choose a long one." Can it be that the familiar quotation from Shakespeare, "All the world's a stage," originated from Epictetus?—Hastings Shaddick (Barnstable).

THE LADY OF STRACHY.—Who is the lady of the Strachy mentioned by Malvolio in "Twelfth Night," II. v.?—H.J.M.

### LITERATURE.

"JOWNED."—R. L. Stevenson concludes one of his letters thus: "I am, Sir, yours, and be jowned to you, R. L. S." If R. L. S. did not coin this word by whom was it previously used and what does it mean?—I.B. (Gateshead).

STELLA'S BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE.—In his "Journal to Stella," Letter XXVII. Swift writes: "Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible." In Letter XXXII. he asks: "Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray?" There is, apparently, no reason why Stella should have been without Biblical knowledge. Her eyes were weak, but that is hardly an excuse. Can anyone give an explanation?—H.J.M.

"ARCADES AMBO."—How has this Vergilian phrase come to be used as an equivalent for simpletons or knaves, and which is the prior significance?—Robert B. Boswell.

SATAN AS GOD'S APE.—Tertullian is stated to be the authority for giving to Satan the name of "God's ape"; but I cannot verify the reference, and doubt whether this is so. Can any reader assist me in the matter?—Robert B. Boswell.

LES MAGES.—What are the chief characteristics of this school of modern French poets (mentioned in Tolstoy's "What is Art")?—E.D.J. (Barnmouth).

TRUTH.—Could any reader say who it was who defined "truth" as "that which the world will neither believe nor accept"?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

### AUTHOR WANTED.

The river is deep, it runneth slow,  
You cannot tell what it saith;  
It keepeth its secrets down below,  
And so doth death.

From a faint recollection of the poem, read long ago in a magazine, to which this verse is the burden, the river runs "on the skirts of Cambridge town," but whether the poem was English or American—whether the Cam or the Charles is meant—I cannot say.—A.M. (Sheffield).

### GENERAL.

APPLAUSE.—What is the origin of clapping the hands to express approval or satisfaction?—David White.

"SWINGING A CAT ROUND."—What is the origin of the expression "There isn't sufficient room to swing a cat round"? And why a cat?—W.S. (Lewes).

KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES.—I have lately visited Arundel Castle, and was there shown a room where tradition says Alfred "burnt the cakes." Can you tell me whether this is really the true place of this deed? So many places claim to have been the scene of this tale.—M. Houltett (Bury).

"TIB'S EVE."—In "Roget's Thesaurus," &c., I recently came across the term "Tib's Eve," meaning *sever*. Can any one tell me how the term originated and the name of the originator? Shakespeare uses the term "tib," but not in connection with time.—John Everard.

THE DEVIL LOOKING OVER LINCOLN.—In Scott's "Kenilworth," on page 16 of the large-type Border Edition of his works, I have come across the following words: "Here be a set of good fellows willing to be merry; do not scowl on them like the devil looking over Lincoln." To what legend does Scott refer when alluding to the "devil looking over Lincoln"?—R.H.B. (Blackburn).

## Answers

### SHAKESPEARE.

"SIR" FOR "REVEREND."—*Dominus* or Sir was the title given to priests who had not obtained the University degree of *Magister*. Many of the Romish clergy who had passed through the Universities but had not graduated became priests, and these received as "Pope's Knights" the title of "Sir." This was the case before the Reformation, and "Sir Hugh," "Sir Oliver" and "Sir Topas" were characters whom Shakespeare drew from those who must have been quite common in his day.—D. R. Clark.

"SIR" FOR "REVEREND."—"Sir" in this connection means a University graduate, which every parson was presumed to be; just as at the present time a physician is popularly called a doctor. The word in this sense is, I believe, still in use at Queen's College, Oxford, where, for certain official purposes, it is prefixed to the surnames of resident bachelors of arts. Thus "Sir Smith" is "Mr. Smith, B.A."—William Cuthbert Chiles.  
[Replies also received from Hilda M. Wood; M.S.; and K.C.B. (Chelsea).]

WAS SHAKESPEARE A SCHOOLMASTER?—"The only external testimony worth anything—and its value is not slight—is the tradition that he was for some time an assistant in a school" (Garnett and Gosse's "English Literature: an Illustrated Record," ii. 145).—F.C.T.B.

DECADE.—Further replies from L.L.; H. Kingston; Hilda M. Wood; and M.A.C. (Cambridge).

### LITERATURE.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE."—The following occurs in Sir H. Ellis's "Letters of Eminent Literary Men" (published 1843), being a quotation from a memorandum in the handwriting of Thomas Warton, Poet Laureate: "July 10th, 1774.—In the year 1759 I was told by the Reverend Mr. Hollaway, rector of Middleton Stoney, in Oxfordshire, then about seventy years old, and in the early part of his life chaplain to Lord Sunderland, that he had often heard Lord Sunderland say that Lord Oxford, whilst prisoner in the Tower of London, wrote the first volume of the 'History of Robinson Crusoe' merely as an amusement under confinement, and gave it to Daniel Defoe, who frequently visited Lord Oxford in the Tower and was one of his pamphlet-writers; that De Foe, by Lord Oxford's permission, printed it as his own, and, encouraged by its extraordinary success, added himself the second volume, the inferiority of which is generally acknowledged. . . . Mr. Hollaway was a grave, conscientious clergyman, not vain of telling anecdotes, very learned, particularly a good Orientalist, author of some theological tracts, . . . &c."—W. L. Harle (Falsfield).

AUTHORS FOUND.—The lines "If you loved only what were worth your love," &c., are found in R. Browning's "Dramatis Personae," James Lee, vii. "Among the Rocks."—Edward T. Quinn (Ballybrack).

THE TREES BEGAN TO WHISPER.—Kingsley's "Two Years Ago." Further replies received from Lilac; C.R.W.; M.A.C. (Cambridge); F.C.T.B. (Lyne Regis); and L.L.

"There is sweet music here. . . ." The well-known quotation attached to Burne-Jones's "Green Summer" is the first two lines of the Choric Song in Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters."—Wm. Hanby (Coventry).  
[Replies also from H. B. Foyter (Hastings); and L.L.B. (Richmond).]

### GENERAL.

"A BRICK."—This phrase is of very ancient origin. Plutarch, in his "Life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta," tells this story. On one occasion an Ambassador on a visit was shown over the principal towns of Sparta, and remarked that he found no walls reared for defence. The King replied that if he would go with him on the following morning he would show him the walls of Sparta. Accordingly the next morning he led his guest out on to the plain, where his army was drawn up in full array, and pointing proudly to the serried hosts he said, "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta, ten thousand men, and every man a brick."—Hilda M. Wood (Manchester).

"A BRICK."—I take the following from an old scrapbook, dated 1661: "When you say, in a phrase which is now quite common, such and such a man is a 'brick,' do you think of or do you know the origin of it? It is this: An Eastern Prince, on being asked 'Where are the fortifications of your city?' replied, pointing to his soldiers, 'Every man you see is a brick.'"—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

"A BRICK."—According to the Century Dictionary, the origin of the expression "You are a brick" is uncertain. One explanation is that it arose in the English Universities as a humorous translation of Aristotle's *τετραγωνος ανθρωπος*, a perfect (lit. square or rectangular) man.—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

ORDER REIGNS IN WARSAW.—The insurrection which broke out at Warsaw on November 29, 1830, was finally suppressed on September 8, 1831. Eight days later General Sebastiani made the announcement to the Chamber of Deputies in the following words: "Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité règne à Varsovie."—Edward M. Borjaio (Guelph).

[Replies also from E. T. Quinn; R.S. (Sunderland); C.R.W.; and W.M. (Aberdeen).]

PORT ANYEUR.—Further replies received from W. L. Harle; A.K.M. (Coatbridge); C.R.W.; K.C.; and K.S. (Bristol).

"TELL THAT TO THE MARINES."—Replies have been received from Hilda M. Wood; Lilac; M.A.C. (Cambridge); H.L.L. (Liverpool); and K.S. (Bristol).

BOHEMIAN.—Replies also received from K.W. (Stockholm); Lilac; Hilda M. Wood; G.H.S. (Brentford); and K.S. (Bristol).

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to the following booksellers:

Messrs. Jones & Evans, 77 Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C.  
Messrs. R. Denham & Co., 31 King William Street, Blackburn.  
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Messrs. Clarkson & Griffith, 162 Deansgate, Manchester.

## WANTED, FOR SALE, AND IN EXCHANGE—Continued from 2nd page of cover.

## FOR SALE.

**VOLTAIRE**, Œuvres, complete, 17 vols., calf, 1762, 30s.; Connoisseur, complete to date, 36 parts, 42s.; Lange, Life of Christ, 6 vols., 1864, 10s.; Rowlandson's Westminster Election, 1784, 28s.—**David Cadney**, Cambridge.

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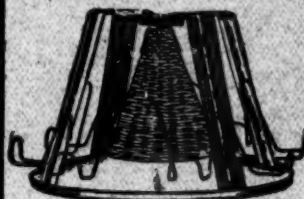
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